

gaze upon the simple decorations of the Sanctuary, on that joyful morning, I am enabled to call more vividly to mind the blessed truth, that the Virgin's child was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.—That as a *man* he sympathised with our innocent sensations. That he loved to behold the ever beautiful face of nature—and drew lessons of wisdom from the lillies, and from the grass “which to-day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven.” Thus, without superstition or anything in the shape of image worship, I am led to look upon Jesus as my *brother*, as well as my *God*—and to regard Him, not merely as my Maker and my Judge, but as my tender kinsman according to the flesh!

[Here the communing was brought to a close by the entrance of Martha Radcliff and some other members of the Claverton Choir, who came to practice the appropriate music for Christmas day. It gives us great pleasure to add that McSparrow took a devout part in the service of that sacred festival—and that he has since, on several occasions, given it as his opinion that, if the Papists have wandered too far from the truth in one direction Mr. Drumclog has strayed as grievously in the other.]

[Original.]

Grassdale.

CHAPTER VIII.

OPENING OF THE CHURCH—CONCLUSION.

Fervent were the prayers offered up at the commencement of Grassdale Church—fervent were the prayers which accompanied its progress—and an answer in peace was graciously vouchsafed by Him, whose ear is ever open to the believing supplication of His people. Before winter had stripped the maple of its gorgeous leaves, the sacred edifice was enclosed, and ere the advent of Christmas, it was pronounced ready for occupation. Most appropriately was the opening appointed to take place on the birth-day of the God-man.

We need not dwell upon the exertions which, under the directions of Mr. Clarendon,

and the supervision of Beverly, were made to dress the newly completed house of prayer, in honour of the doubly interesting occasion. Enough to say that the result was tasteful and impressive in the highest degree. When the most genial festival of the Christian year arrived, and the worshippers beheld the crosses and festoons of evergreens which met their gaze on every hand, the eyes of not a few became moist with tender tears.—The scene reminded them of fatherland—dear, never to be forgotten fatherland. That glorious rock-girt island, at once the envy of and the source of countless blessings to a large portion of our globe. They were reminded of the old, grey, ivy-clad parish Churches, at whose fountains they had been baptized—before whose altars they had been married—and the chimes from whose towers ever suggestive of retrospections countless and of most varied hues. Some glad some and bright as a dew glistening morn of May—others sombre and chill as a twilight of November!

Eloquently did Mr. Clarendon discourse to his forest flock, on that, to them, memorable Christmas morning. He reminded them at once of their privileges, and their responsibilities. Faithfully did he warn them that being now plentifully provided with the means of grace, it would be at their own stern peril if they did not thankfully avail themselves thereof. The sacred symbols of their crucified Redeemer's broken body and shed blood were offered for their spiritual nourishment. If they neglected the heavenly nutriment, would not the red Indian, into whose patrimony they had come—and who had died a stranger to the bread of life—would not he witness against their unthankful refusal at the dread assizes of eternity?

To the Sunday-school children, whose tiny voices had sweetly chanted the opening anthem for the day, the pastor addressed himself with peculiar and affectionate earnestness. Christ had once been a little child, he said,—a child in all points like unto themselves, sin only excepted. Like the majority of their number, He was born of poor, hard working parents, and therefore